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PHILOSOPHY OF THE WHIP.

THERE are three great nations which are addicted to the use of the whip as an instrument of punishment—the Chinese, the Russians, and the English; and it may not be uninteresting to trace the different modifications of the custom among them to their source in the national character.

The Chinese have at length begun to show themselves. We have dragged them into day by main force. Our fleet has thrown down their walls of concealment; and our missionaries, landing on the coasts in spite of their enraged functionaries, have planted the gospel in defiance of the law. We find this peculiar people, whose first modern compiler of ancient history flourished about the time of Herodotus, to be nothing more than old children. They have not got beyond the patriarchal regime; and although now comprising one-third part of the human race, their government is the same in theory as that which ruled the tents of the fathers of Israel. We speak, of course, of the grand fundamental Thought, not of the complicated system of legislation by which so mighty a people are kept in order. This 'thought' is composed of paternal duty on the one hand, and filial duty on the other. The emperor for the time being, no matter of what dynasty, is the father of the nation, and the people are his docile and reverent children. The imperial power is represented by the officers of the state, great and small, each under each, and finally by the fathers of families, who are each imperial in his own household. A youth will not sit without permission in his father's presence; the father pays similar respect to the lowest public functionary, and he to a higher, till the chain of reverence terminates with the emperor himself. Yes, terminates; for the emperor is the high priest as well as king. A common Chinese does not presume to communicate directly with the Heavens and the Earth, who are the supreme deities of the nation, but contents himself with paying divine honours to the emperor, whose business it is to mediate for all. Even his ancestors are inferior in spiritual dignity to the emperor, although he worships them likewise, and burns incense before their manes.

The principle of cohesion, therefore, in Chinese society, is that ceremony which regulates the gradation of ranks. The law cannot command respect, which is an act of the mind, but it commands the observance of certain forms implying respect. It regulates the number of obeisances at private as well as public meetings; it measures the depth of a bow or a curtsy; it is supreme over fashion itself. Even a lady dresses according to the statute. No man must dare to notice the varieties in temperature before his superiors. The governor of a province lets its inhabitants know when it is cold enough for a change of costume; and when

the signal is given by these functionaries, all China puts on its winter-cap. But the law does not end here; it extends to the spiritual kingdom; and the gods and the genii are arranged with the nicest attention to the distinction of rank. When a mandarin, in travelling, lodges at a temple, he causes the statues of those divinities to be displaced who are of inferior grade to himself.

In all countries, there must be some penalty annexed to the lighter and more common infringements of the law; and in filial China, it will be seen, the most suitable one is a whipping. The rod appears, from the universal practice of mankind, to be the natural instrument for the correction of children, and it is accordingly the instrument chosen by the paternal government of the Chinese to keep the Sons of Han in order. When the emperor is displeased with his ministers, and the offence is not grave enough to require their being sent to Tartary, or condemned to stand sentry at the palace doors, he chastises them with a bamboo. The ministers keep their subordinates in mind of their duty by the same means; the subs transmit the whipping to those under them; and so on, till all China is soundly and continuously flogged. When an English ambassador was incommoded by the crowd of courtiers who gathered round him at the palace, one of the ministers of state, catching up a bamboo, rushed out among them and put them to flight. A magistrate makes his appearance in the streets with a bundle of rods for his insignia of office, and officers go before him to thrash the people out of his way. At a trial, these instruments of punishment are placed in awful array before the bench; and sentence is executed upon the spot, by the offender being laid down upon his face in open court, and receiving the chastisement allotted to him.

But the government of China is not merely patriarchal, but scholastic: the people are at once children and scholars; and in both capacities the rod would seem to be their due. Some of our readers will be surprised to hear that the Chinese are the most universally educated people in the world except one, and that that one is the Japanese. In China, education is one of the chief employments of the state; and the periodical examinations of the schools keep the country in greater excitement than a general election in England. The successful students are sent to Peking, where they are feasted by the emperor in person; they rise, through various gradations, to public employment and public honours; and, according to a provision of the constitution (frequently, however, infringed), they must necessarily form a certain proportion of the great officers of state. The unsuccessful students, we need hardly add, are whipped.

Let us account, by way of parenthesis, for what will appear, after all this, a very extraordinary circumstance

—namely, that Chinese literature, although the most abundant, is not the best in the world. The reason is, that the classics are to the students what a father is to his children, or the emperor to his people. No man must be so disrespectful as to surpass them. Original views would be laughed at as folly, or punished as impiety; and thus Chinese literature has continued to move in one dull circle ever since the time of Confucius. When the present emperor's father, surprised and indignant at the confusion created in the empire by Christianity, desired to see the New Testament, it was translated on purpose, and put into his hands. The imperial critic perused it attentively, and then setting it down with calm contempt, remarked that it was not classical!

But to return. In China, the women are not whipped—a distinction which points to the generally gentle and humane character of the people. It is true their poor toes are bandaged in childhood in a way which fills the house with screams for about six years; but most civilised nations have some analogous practice. The Japanese contort inwards the hips of the women, so as to give them the waddle of a goose; and the English compress their waists to an extent fatal to health, dangerous to life, and absurd and unnatural in appearance.

In fine, the whip among the Chinese may be reckoned a congenial instrument of punishment, to which no idea of disgrace is attached, and which appears wonderfully well calculated to achieve its object, in the preservation of peace and order among the people.

In Russia, the form of government has got beyond the patriarchal; but it is at present in that transition state wherein are exhibited only the coarser features of civilisation. The people are no longer children, but serfs; and the emperor no longer a father, but a master. This is a period that is always pregnant with great changes, for the king and nobles are on different sides, bidding against each other for the suffrages of the people. While the revolution is growing, however, the people are suffering. The exigence of the masters' position renders it impossible for them to take much care of the intellectual cultivation of their inferiors. Few appeals are made but to the coarser parts of their nature. The whip in Russia, here called the knout, is the national instrument of punishment as in China; but instead of being associated with ideas of paternal care, as under a patriarchal government, it has a character of unredeemed brutality. Its lightness or severity depends not upon the law, but the functionaries—a few blows of an instrument designed for temporary chastisement sufficing to destroy life. Women, and those of the highest rank too, and the most delicate nurture, are flogged as mercilessly as men; and every proprietor of land has a whip for his serfs as well as for his cattle.

The Russians, it may be supposed, do not take very kindly to the whip. On the contrary, it is the cause of a great many of the murders that are committed by the labouring upon the higher classes. Some years ago, a servant in Moscow having committed a fault, was flogged, and then sent to his master's country-seat with a letter. As the man trudged along the dreary road with his galled back, it may be supposed he was not entirely at peace with the world; but there was at least rest in the distance, and he was perhaps glad when the red roof of the chateau appeared blazing through the trees. A portion of the contents of the letter, however, directed the bearer to be flogged again on his arrival; which was done. The fellow grew absolutely sulky!—He was insolent! This could not be borne; and he was despatched back again to the town with a missive describing his offence—and flogged as before. Perhaps this quieted him; perhaps he saw the uselessness of taking the thing amiss; or perhaps there was sulkiness in his very silence—rebellion even in the sturdiness with which he bore his agony. It was necessary to try. He was sent back to the chateau, and flogged again! and then, the experiment and the lesson being no doubt

complete, he was returned to Moscow for the last time. The man went calmly into his master's presence, delivered his despatches, and drawing from his side a hatchet, usually worn by the Russian peasant, literally hewed him in pieces. He then called his fellow-servants to see what he had done, and gave himself up to justice.

The Russians, notwithstanding the knout, are a very good-humoured people, bearing a sort of European resemblance, physically, to the Tartars, to whom the Chinese bear a still more striking resemblance. The women, we have said, are flogged; and, what is perhaps worse, they do not join freely in the amusements of the men. It is curious to see a group of men dancing gravely on the high-road of a village, and close by, a separate group of females, each being absorbed in the feats of its own sex. As for the upper classes, they affect not to be Russian at all. Their language is usually French, German, or English; they pique themselves upon employing only foreign tradesmen; and they drink vast quantities of Champagne, instead of an excellent moussoux wine of their own from the Caucasus, which costs only a fourth part of the price. But this might be expected. They are ashamed of the uncivilised condition of their countrymen; and this will never be ameliorated till the knout is abolished.

The English are the third and last great nation in our category, and with them we shall be brief, for, in point of fact, the whip is only a national instrument with them as regards those professions that are reckoned par excellence honourable. The whip, indeed, might be supposed to be anti-national; for in some way or other it has fallen, almost spontaneously, into disuse among the body of the people. The military were less influenced by the spirit of the time, partly because soldiers were less educated, and partly because any discontent in their ranks is called sedition, and punishable by the articles of war. The number of lashes was reduced from time to time, but no one ever thought of changing the mode of punishment. Officers knew nothing so effective as the 'cat,' because nothing else was ever tried. They declared that the army could not be held together without it, because the army had, throughout their whole time, been held together with it. Even recently, when the death of a sufferer from the lash, and a simultaneous cry of indignation from the whole people, called for the abolition of a mode of punishment so uncertain, indeed so casual in its severity, and so degrading, and, as it is styled, un-English in itself, the new liberal government resisted, on the plea that old officers (meaning chiefly the Duke of Wellington) were of opinion that it would be unsafe. The interference of the people, however, proves clearly that the military are no longer an isolated body, but have become a portion of themselves; and the plans that are now being adopted for the spread of education among them will of themselves do away with the whip. The thirty years' peace that has followed a twenty years' war, appears as yet to have no chance of interruption, and the soldiers will more and more amalgamate with the people, till, by and by, what remains of the 'cat' will be swept away from the penal code, not as anything actually mischievous, but merely as a portion of the useless lumber of antiquity.

It is curious that, almost at the very moment when the reign of the lash is virtually brought to an end at home, it should be re-established in our Indian army. It was abolished by Lord William Bentinck, one of the most enlightened of the governors-general, expressly on account of its tendency to prevent respectable persons from entering the service; and since then, the average instances of insubordination have certainly not been more numerous than before—probably quite the other way. Some of these, however, occurred during or just after the unhappy Afghan war, and immediately there arose a cry from the 'experienced officers' (inexperienced in every other kind of restraint) for the restoration of the whip. This was listened to compla-

cently by the commander-in-chief, one of the most experienced and illustrious of them all; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of numerous other officers, the measure was carried into effect by the late administration.

The people of England, we are afraid, feel very little interest in their Indian fellow-subjects; and many regard as the type of the nation the effeminate and small-limbed Bengalese, who hire themselves as domestic servants in Calcutta, and receive the blows of the ungentlemanly portion of their masters without a murmur. But the army is recruited almost exclusively in the upper provinces, and consists, generally speaking, of men of high and chivalrous spirit, and physically much superior to their European comrades. With them the grand principles are military honour, and 'fidelity to their salt'; and although the lash may keep them in order, it can only do so, we fear, by debasing their character, and transforming them from gallant soldiers into crouching slaves. Let us hope that the present liberal government will not forget the Indian part of this important question; but, to insure their bestowing upon it the requisite attention, it would be desirable that the subject should be taken up with spirit by the public, and by our fellow-labourers of the press.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

BY MRS CROWE.

ONE of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phase of human affairs, every advance in civilisation, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions, accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes 'make quick conveyance' with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and life-long incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

In perusing lately some continental *causes célèbres*, we have been struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of their criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrears of the stage we have reached, and certainly some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which in this country could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

How thoroughly foreign and strange to us was the

history of Madame Lafarge! How unlike ours were the modes and habits of life it disclosed, and how vividly one felt that it was the tale of another land! So of the Priest Riembaun, noticed in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, who murdered the woman he had outraged. The details of his crime were as foreign to us as the language he spoke. So of many others we could name: but for the present, we will content ourselves with a case that occurred a few years ago at Leipsic. To what age or class our present story might be properly assigned, we should be somewhat puzzled to determine—the circumstances of the crime being, as far as we know, without precedent, and, we hope, not destined to form one; whilst the boldness of the enterprise on the one hand, and the veil of mystery that still hangs over the motives of the perpetrator on the other, seem to endue it with the mingled hues of the savage and the romantic. This question, however, we will leave our readers to decide for themselves.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 28th of February 1812, that a gentleman presented himself at the door of Mr Schmidt, an affluent merchant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr Schmidt that he was from Hamburg, where, not finding affairs favourable to his objects, he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, describing himself as especially recommended to Mr Schmidt's good offices, he requested that gentleman's advice with respect to the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted upwards of half an hour, Mr Schmidt opened his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount of one hundred dollars, which the visitor begged leave to inspect. Having done so, he restored it to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place whence he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, deprived of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr Schmidt arose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty—for his head was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs standing about in confusion, and his desk open, and a moment's examination showed him that bills to the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, and his wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to whom indignation and despair lent strength, rushed into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bills; but quickly as this was done, it was too late. The house of Frege and Company had already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and, after an illness of some duration, died from the consequences of the wounds in his head, which the surgeons declared had been inflicted with considerable violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon oath the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An idea seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sunk to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-omened visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on the day in question a stranger had presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the

contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumour spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she were going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, 'Hanne! Hanne!' and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the anteroom, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohendorf, 24th January 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the colouring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock-coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honour of having already been favoured with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr Kunitz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumour began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnesses recognised him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman,

who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr H—— remembered that a friend of his, called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was minister of Posenna, an eloquent and far-famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning; and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a deathbed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process: in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind, more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr Tinius endeavoured to prove an *alibi*, but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this

affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends—respectable men, generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other, which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honourable men were in that condition themselves. These letters referred to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid-servant's deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these words, *Deleatur et igni tradatur*; a piece of advice which, strangely enough, he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though, doubtless, not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was: in broad daylight, in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house, and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favourable; and if booty were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr H—'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlour, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavoured to mask by pretending a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written previous to the occurrence of the events above narrated. 'The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colours will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification

in patience, being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not my honour, but their own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—"So, my son, shall the Lord fight for thee."

CHADWICK ON THE ECONOMY OF EDUCATED LABOURERS.

A few months ago, in a notice of Mr Chadwick's statements respecting the demoralisation and crime among large assemblages of railway labourers, the necessity for good moral supervision was insisted on as an important means of amelioration. It may, however, be urged that education for the labourer would prove ultimately of more benefit than any temporary superintendence; and Mr Chadwick has been endeavouring to demonstrate to the government, to capitalists, and to the influential classes, as a great fact—apart from all moral or social considerations, which should govern their exertions for the education of the working population—that an uneducated, ill-trained, and ignorant population is comparatively an inefficient and wasteful population. His object is to prove, as a question of political economy, that the mere pecuniary interests of the capitalist are in close coincidence with all social and moral interests, and not in antagonism with them, according to the prevalent opinion of vulgar sentimentalists—an opinion which ignorant or narrow-sighted capitalists and directors of human labour have, by their conduct, too commonly justified. His leading view is thus set forth in the subjoined portions of evidence which he has taken as to the comparative value of educated and uneducated seamen.

Captain Alderley Sleigh, who had served both in the king's and the merchant-seamen's service, gave the following illustrations of the differences. These particulars, though distant, and apparently irrelevant, will be found pregnant with corroborative proof as to the practical influence of the extensive principles of pecuniary responsibility on the habits and condition of the population.

'What,' he was asked, 'are the differences you have observed in their relative value as seamen, between those seamen who have been educated and those who are uneducated; that is, those who have been so far educated as to have so much general intelligence as might be shown by their taking up a book and reading for amusement or instruction when not on duty, and those who had no such capacity or disposition?'

'I have always found the educated seamen the most capable of performing their duty, no matter what that duty might be, whether it were a duty of danger or one of skill, provided their acquired knowledge were regulated by discipline and directed by corresponding intelligence on the part of the officer, inasmuch, that were I fitting out a vessel myself, I should always, as I have hitherto done, prefer the educated men; because I should get the greater amount of work from them, and get it better done, and because I should have the most confidence in their fidelity. In short, I would rather work a vessel of six hundred tons, say with eighteen men, provided they were educated, than with twenty-five uneducated. I am now speaking of the mere amount of work to be got from the men, without reference to their morality or general good conduct; but of course their intelligent and moral conduct will be found also to have its pecuniary value in respect to the safety of the vessel. For example—if an illiterate seaman be on the watch, and be placed to look out for land, he will have little or no regard emanating from principle to the consequences of negligence, and will, without making an effort of mental rectitude, indulge himself in sleep; on the contrary, the educated man will be moved by the sense of character, perhaps

also by a perception of what is dependent on his performance of duty, and will be true to it without the necessity of watching him. It is not said the uneducated man is so far ignorant as not to see the danger. He does see it: he can hardly fail to be aware of what must be the consequences to his own person; but either from insensibility to moral character, or from some obtuseness, arising out of ignorance, he does not care for it—he indulges himself recklessly. With him the mate has to be constantly on the watch, and to be a driving taskmaster; while the educated man does his duty with less labour of overlooking and driving. An ignorant man, in doing his work, even if the fate of the ship depends on its correctness, will most frequently do it so as to save himself trouble, it being sufficient for him if it makes an appearance to the eye, whatever it may be in reality.

Mr Chadwick urges the same reasoning with regard to railway labourers; among whom, he states, 'a large proportion of the fatal accidents is ascribable, not to cupidity, but to mere ignorant recklessness,' and cites as 'one prevailing cause of numerous accidents in railway construction, the imperfect mode generally adopted of detaching the horse from the loaded wagon of earth as it approaches the face or "tip of an embankment." One man drives the horse, and another man runs with the wagon, and gets before it, to detach the horse. The constrained attitude, the velocity of seven or eight miles an hour, and the unsafe footing, often upon clay, of the man upon whom the duty devolves, frequently make him fall across the rail, the wagon wheels pass over him, and he is killed or maimed for life. In 1840, Mr Butler Williams, who was acting as assistant engineer on the Great Western Railway, endeavoured to call attention to a very simple contrivance, which was tried there successfully, and adopted. It enabled the driver to detach the wagon without assistance. This contrivance, a movable hasp, connected with the leading rein, cost only ten shillings, and it saved the labour of one man. Yet only in a very small proportion of cases, perhaps not one in ten, was any attention paid to it.' Mr Chadwick reminds employers 'that attention to order, cleanliness, health, and comfort is, as a matter of mere economy, conducive to easier and better production,' and expresses 'a confident opinion that, in general, reckless and ignorant labour is dear labour. That this is so in railway labour, admits of proof by the wide variances between expenditure and estimates, and by comparison with carefully-constructed works.'

In an inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the employment of labourers, we find confirmatory evidence of this view from large contractors. Mr Peto, who employs 10,000 men, amongst whom he is most solicitous to promote temperance, and to secure them good and cheap provisions and comfortable dwellings, providing, at the same time, for schools and religious instruction at his own cost, states, in his evidence respecting the payment of labourers:—'During the last sixteen years I have always paid the men in money, and have found the good effects of it in the moral character of the men, in their steady attention to the work, and my own ability, in consequence, of carrying out works far more creditably to myself, and satisfactory to my employers, than I could have done under any other system.' The same gentleman replies, when asked if his workpeople are less untidy than those of other employers, that his system checks the disposition to wander:—'I have some men who have been with me fourteen or fifteen years: tramps do not stop long; some of them do not like my regulations, and they go away. At Ely and Peterborough I had 3700 men on that work, and I never permit any beer to be brought on by any publican; but this is the first work I have tried that on. . . . I think,' he continues, 'that no contractor who thoroughly understood his own interest, or moral obligation to those he employed, would pursue any other course; I think his interest alone would prompt him to that

course, if he really understood it. . . . I know, of course, a great many contractors, some of the most respectable men in the country, who would give evidence directly at variance with the evidence I am giving, thinking that they do a common service to the men and to themselves by providing in this way (part payment of wages by tickets); but I say they have never tried the reverse system, fancying that their own interests were involved; and that influencing their judgments, I can easily understand their obliquity of vision.'

The pecuniary loss sustained by the employment of disorderly and uneducated workmen, is demonstrated in the recent report of the government inspector of mines, Mr Tremenhore, who also gives corroborative evidence to the above important conclusions. In the statements respecting the Monmouthshire and Brecon districts, we read the testimony of the manager of the Dowlais works, where 6000 people are employed, and eighteen furnaces kept in blast. 'We have about 700 colliers, and 1000 miners; the former earning from L.1, 1s. to L.1, 5s. per week; the latter from 18s. to L.1. All might earn much more. Some of our men lose four days a-month; others one week out of four. Their idleness and irregularity in working put us to great inconvenience and expense. Our horses are lying idle when the men wont work, and are then overworked towards the end of the month, when the men are labouring fifteen and sixteen hours a-day, to make up for their lost time. We incur a loss, also, in being obliged to stack the coal at great expense. We have offered one penny and twopence a ton extra to induce them to work regularly, but cannot succeed.' Samuel Homfray, Esq. —a magistrate, and resident director of the works of the Tredegar Iron and Coal Company—gives evidence to the same effect; and W. Williams, Esq. of Snatchwood, states:—'The loss of iron, if left a few minutes too long in the furnace, is very considerable. This frequently happens from the inattention of the men when half-stupified with drink, and scarcely knowing what they are about. The iron, when left too long, melts away, and runs to cinder. The drunken habits of the men oblige us also to keep an additional number of labourers, and also of horses, to do the extra work towards the end of the month. There is then a great wear and tear of horses and gear, the work continuing fifteen and sixteen hours a-day; whereas, at the beginning of the month, they are often not working two hours.'

The foregoing contain the substance of the universal complaints of the managers of the works throughout the district, and show satisfactorily that the drunken habits of the men occasion a tax upon the employer's capital to no small amount—probably far beyond what it would cost to maintain the machinery of such secular and religious instruction and superintendence as would afford the best chance of reaching these evils at their source.

Mr Chadwick contends that manufactures or agriculture can only be improved, or rendered productive to the full extent, by a better-trained and educated population; that it is, therefore, well worth while, as an investment of capital, to expend a large sum in the training and education of the population. But the reason why the employers of labour do not of themselves carry out the main improvements which he suggests is, that the employers have, by negligent legislation, been exonerated from a part of the pecuniary consequences of the defective instruments whom they employ. This, he urges, is peculiarly the case with employers of workmen in dangerous occupations. Subject the branch of employment to its own casualties, and you at once give the employer an interest in obtaining discreet and well-educated workpeople; you also give a bounty on the exercise of care by the employer.

With the view to raise the demand for discreet hands, Mr Chadwick proposes to render the employers of labour responsible for the employment of indiscreet hands, and contends that, if the responsibility be made general, it

will become an insurance charge, and that no capitalist will lose by it. He quotes the French law as exemplified in its results on the Paris and Havre railway, where, on the amount of money expended, about £1,000,000, not more than £5000, or half per cent, was paid as compensation for casualties. Reckoning the earth-work to have cost half the amount paid in wages, there remains a charge of one per cent. Now as, according to Mr Peto, the average weekly earnings on English railways are 22s., this charge of one per cent. would amount to about 2½d. per week on the value of every labourer lost or maimed.

'To take the case of the Summit-Level Tunnel,' says Mr Chadwick in his evidence before the committee; 'in six years there were thirty-two men killed, and 140 seriously wounded, out of 1000 men employed. Suppose even £100 paid for compensation for each fatal accident, and £50 for each case of maiming, the weekly insurance charge for these works would not have been much greater. Suppose £200 given as compensation for each death, and £50 for each case of maiming, then the gross expenditure would have been, in six years, £13,400 on an expenditure of £343,200 in wages; namely, 1000 men, at 22s. per week each; 3½ths per cent. on the wages, or about 6d. per week each, would have paid the insurance charge for this work of excessive danger, conducted in an excessively dangerous manner. It may be said that the men might themselves insure against these risks. Some would, no doubt; but of the mass, we might as well talk of what prudent steps might be taken by children. Even if the whole class were educated, there is no reason for imposing the labour of separate calculations and cares on the whole number, and incurring the danger of omissions, which proportionately diminish the efficiency of the insurance. Supposing the employers to take the risk, it does not follow that they would lose it; I am confident that they would eventually lose no part of it. There is no doubt that the men are less willing to engage in dangerous than in safe work, an unwillingness which has to be overcome by a provision of higher wages, and which would be diminished by their being sheltered from the chance of being rendered destitute by an accident. No one doubts that if we did not give pensions to our wounded soldiers and sailors, we should have to give a higher price, or to press. What, we may imagine, would be the moral and economical result if the whole amount of some five millions per annum, now paid as army and navy pensions, were all added to the pay of sailors and soldiers, to foster their habits of forethought and self-dependence, allowing them to save, but at the same time allowing them to spend, it as they choose? We are now doing this with a large proportion of the working-classes in the United Kingdom, where full twenty-six millions per annum are spent in gin and British spirits on which duty is paid; that is to say, four or five times the annual poor's rate, or nearly as much, in one year, and on one pernicious article of indulgence, as the accumulated savings in the whole of the savings' banks during more than eighteen years that they have been in operation. Risk is, however, an expensive article, and is generally paid for at a high price, commonly for an exaggerated view of the danger; for, recollect, it is not the feelings of the men at work, but of those who have to be induced to come, which governs the price. In respect to some classes of workmen, it may be observed, they have been reluctant to adopt improvements which diminished risk, preferring the payment of shillings for the risk, the insurance charge for which would be in pence. . . . In the course of our inquiries into labour in mines, it was found that, in a class of mines of a certain depth, fatal accidents were very frequent from the breakage of ropes, which were pieced with iron clamps, and patched and pieced again and again, to save the expense of new ropes. When lives were lost by the breakage of the ropes in this class of mines, there was some loss and some trouble to the undertakers. But it was observed that, in another class of much deeper

mines, where the breakage of the longer rope imposed a much more serious loss, and the stoppage of more important works, these patched ropes were seldom found; there they were regularly renewed, and fatal accidents of that class were comparatively rare. At present, the contractor intending to adopt the cheapest method of working, underbids him who intends to adopt precautions entailing any considerable expense: by the new plan, the cautious and humane man would save money—the careless one would be ruined. An eminent gas engineer (Mr Clegg) was consulted as to a method of removing gas from a coal mine, so as to render the formation of an explosive mixture impossible. The plan was not adopted, because the expense was thought too much in proportion to the risk to the proprietor; the risk to the men was not reckoned. If the proprietor had been responsible, as I contend he ought to be, for all the many losses occasioned by his works, for the support of the maimed, and of the families of the killed, it would have been good economy to have incurred the expense. And suppose it had added a penny per ton to the price of coal, and suppose it had somewhat lessened the rent of the coal-mine, it would have diminished misery and destitution; it would have saved lives and limbs; it would have lowered poor-rates, and probably rendered mine-work less dangerous; and, by sheltering the men and their families from the destitution caused by accidents, it would have lowered wages without producing the ill effect of lowered wages, for it would diminish the want which wages have to meet, and we should have all the benefit without the sacrifice.'

The concluding portion of Mr Chadwick's evidence involves some important considerations:—'I am anxious,' he continues, 'that the great object should not be lost sight of—imposing the responsibility where there is the means of preventing the danger. Mr Brunel says, "A man who travels by railway must take the ordinary chances, as he would in walking along the streets of a tile falling on his head, or any other accident of that description; and to say that if a man is killed, that therefore his wife and family are to be provided for, is going too far." I might rest the claim to the change of system upon this illustration. There we have two sets of consequences: first the death, and the pains of the bereavement to the wife and family; and next the pecuniary consequences, the loss of support, and the destitution. Now, in addition to the physical and mental pains, to inflict the pecuniary loss and destitution on the suffering family is, it appears to me, going too far in cruelty, not to say in waste of wealth and false economy in the long-run, offering an example, so common in this country, of misdirected pecuniary sympathies. We propose that the one part of the evil—the pecuniary loss—shall be borne by him who has the means of preventing the mischief; namely, the person in charge of the house, who might, by care, have kept the tile fast, and who, by experience of one part of the consequences of the neglect, may have a sufficient motive to take active measures, and incur expenses, to avert the like consequences for the future. Mr Brunel objected to the adoption of the principle of responsibility, as interfering with the temper, boldness, and freedom of action of an Englishman, and will put Englishmen "in leading strings." Now, the complaint is, that they are in strings pulled, at the hazard of life, by irresponsible persons, whom it is necessary to make responsible. To me, it appears that the adoption of the principle will relieve the Englishman from the slavery of fear of events which he has no means of preventing, and which occasion, in England and Wales alone, an annual loss of life equal to a campaign: the average number of deaths by violence, of which the greater proportion is by the so-called street "accidents," is upwards of eleven thousand per annum. He will not only walk the streets, but ride in railway carriages, sail in steamers and packet-boats, and work the more confidently and boldly under the operation of the principle

which guarantees to him all that can possibly be done by those who have the best means to insure his personal safety from the consequences which he has the least means of seeing or averting; and that there is no indulgence, boldness, and freedom of action, at his risk, by those who sustain little or none of the consequences themselves. The economical grounds, which I have submitted to the committee, react upon the moral grounds. I think it will be an advance to teach the working-classes, and the community in general, the pecuniary grounds, as well as others, for respecting and valuing life and skilled labour, and making the uneducated more careful of life, by showing that it is cared for and valued. There are those who hold, as I deem it, an erroneous doctrine in respect to population, who, in the face of increasing capital, and rising wages and comforts, with the increase of population, infer from that increase a continued depression and increase of misery in this country; and that if many were to die, or be killed off, the better it would be for the remainder. The facts, so far as I have been able to observe them, have not yet squared with that doctrine. I believe that every labourer who, over and above his subsistence, produces a surplus, or a return, to make it profitable and worth while to employ him, is of pecuniary value, and his death a loss, economically considered, as much as the destruction of a machine, with its purchase and maintenance; and that the more there are of such labourers, the better for the community, merely economically considered, just as a community is all the better the more it has of productive machines in actual employment. The possession of intelligence and the human faculties of improvement will not, it may be assumed, detract from the economical considerations which justify the proposed responsibility as an insurance charge.

EXPLOITS OF ONE OF THE STUARTS.

THOSE conversant with the circumstances of the gallant, rash, and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth's rising, may remember that his pretensions to the British throne were founded on his birth; and that he was the natural son of King Charles II. by Miss Lucy Walters of Haversford, having been born at Rotterdam in 1649, under the name of Crofts. He came to England in 1662, and was created Duke of Orkney, and on the 7th February 1663, Baron of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. Having retired to Holland in the latter end of the reign of King Charles, then at variance with the court, he made his hostile invasion of England on the accession of King James, and was proclaimed king. His army, consisting of about 5000 horse and foot, was defeated by the Earl of Faversham. The duke was arrested, committed to the Tower, and beheaded on the 15th July 1685. His wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was still alive; but the duke, alleging that this marriage had been forced on him by his father at the age of fifteen, before he was capable of making a proper choice, had, in his mature age, contracted another alliance with Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness of Nettlestead, and avowed that he considered her as his lawful wife before God and man. Before his execution, the duke was, however, refused the sacrament by Drs Tennison and Hooper, unless he should confess the sin and adultery in which he had lived with the Lady Wentworth. By her he had a son, who was deprived of all inheritance, as being illegitimate; but being conveyed to Paris by a Colonel Smyth, an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, this child was by him educated, and left heir to his fortune. This son was Colonel Wentworth Smyth, who afterwards engaged in the Stuart cause in 1715 and in 1745; a few years after which, when in his seventy-second year, he was beset on a bridge in the Highlands of Scotland by three soldiers of the royalist army, in the expectation of reward, and in the desperate struggle that ensued, he fell over the parapet, and was drowned along with two of them.

This Colonel Wentworth Smyth left a son, Ferdinand,

then only in his sixth year, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, a great-granddaughter of the same Duke of Monmouth; she had died, however, three years before, and Ferdinand Smyth Stuart remained an orphan. His double affinity to the Stuarts was probably the cause of the striking likeness which, in after years, he bore to all the portraits of Charles II. His life of strange vicissitude still more strongly marks his participation in the doom of that fated house.

Reared amidst the Grampian Hills at a period when four-fifths of the inhabitants spoke Erse or Gaelic, and called the Lowland dialect Sassenach or Saxon, Ferdinand Smyth Stuart included English as a foreign language amidst the branches of a liberal education bestowed upon him. Removed to Aberdeen, he studied for the medical profession, and attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr Gregory, whom he always emphatically described as 'a blessing sent from Heaven to serve mankind,' and as 'an honour to human nature.' Stimulated by a wish to behold the polar regions, he made his first professional essay as surgeon to a Greenland whaler, and was highly gratified by the experiment. In the spirit of adventure he next made a voyage to America, passed a considerable time in the back settlements amongst the Indians, and finally settling down in Maryland, became a considerable proprietor of lands in Virginia, and the owner of one of the most delightful seats on the picturesque banks of the Potomac. He here exercised successfully the combined occupations of a planter and a physician, until the occurrence of the dispute betwixt the colony and the mother country, when, espousing the home cause, his residence soon became both unpleasant and dangerous. Dr Stuart thereupon abandoned his profession, and in 1774 became captain in the Western Virginia Regiment, in which capacity he particularly distinguished himself in a severe action with the Indians. Signalled, however, as almost the only loyalist for three counties around him, he was, in October 1775, compelled to abandon his home, his family, and fortune. He reached the nearest British post, three hundred and twenty miles from his residence, after encountering numerous dangers, and was appointed captain in the Queen's Royal Regiment of Rangers. Being ordered on a most important and perilous expedition, he succeeded in conducting the enterprise nearly four hundred miles in perfect safety; but on the day after he had relinquished his charge, was captured, and placed in strict confinement.

At the peril of his life, he escaped from a guard of fifty men on the 20th of December, and travelled three hundred miles on foot over the extensive and almost inaccessible range of the Alleghany Mountains, amidst the rigours of winter, nearly destitute of food and clothing, and environed by unparalleled dangers and hardships. When almost beyond the reach of danger, he was, after all, recaptured, and dragged seven hundred miles, fast bound with cords, to be imprisoned in Philadelphia, where he suffered eighteen months' captivity, on bread and water, in irons, in a dungeon. His sufferings were cruelly enhanced by his being forced to march a hundred and fifty miles in irons, at the point of the bayonet, and covered with blood, occasioned by the irons and by broken blisters, in the rear of the Congress when it fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Being unable to proceed farther, he was thrown into the hold of a privateer, upon the ballast, which consisted of pig-iron and stones, and kept for three days and nights without clothes or food, and still in irons, the snow falling fast through the hatches. But again effecting his escape, he encountered a fourth series of dangers and hardships in passing two hundred miles by water down the great Bay of Chesapeake, and more than three hundred miles by land, through a hostile country, where he was well known, while a high reward was offered for his seizure. At length he reached the Preston, twenty-one miles off at sea, in a canoe, after being tossed about all night in a storm. His ardent zeal and loyalty at this time induced him to decline a very handsome gra-

tuity offered him, in money, by Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, on his arrival in New York. After doing duty for some time as captain in the Loyal American Regiment, and also in the afterwards celebrated 42d or Royal Highland Regiment, Dr Stuart, besides a corps of forty-five men in the former regiment, raised a chosen corps of one hundred and eighty-five men, at a very great expense, and this body he commanded, engaged in the most active service, until, of his own choice, he was attached with all his men to the Queen's Rangers.

High and flattering commissions proffered to Stuart during this period of service by the Americans were refused. Indeed his loyalty of spirit was from the first invincible. Before quitting his own house, he defended it against a superior force, till one of his servants was killed and himself dangerously wounded. Even while in the hands of the enemy, he exerted his influence successfully in preventing numbers of British prisoners from entering the American army; and, during his escape, preserved, by his advice and influence, as many as one thousand families of loyalists from utter destruction. In the Danbury expedition, aided by only ten men, he repulsed and drove back, at the point of the bayonet, a hundred and more of the enemy who had greatly harassed the rear of the British army, leaving nineteen dead on the field. At the capture of Philadelphia he discovered eighteen serviceable pieces of cannon concealed in the Delaware; and being attacked by a force numbering six times his own, while serving as a detachment covering the woodcutters near Derby, he not only repulsed them, but killed more of the enemy than the whole number of his own detachment. In the action of Edgehill he particularly distinguished himself against Morgan's riflemen, the very best troops of the enemy, pursuing them to the abatts of Washington's camp. To effect the capture of a partisan officer, he passed, on one occasion, into the country beyond the position occupied by the enemy in force, and accomplished his purpose at noonday. In the battle of Crooked Billet, 1st May 1778, with only sixty-five officers and men of the Queen's Rangers, he totally routed nine hundred of the enemy, leaving two hundred dead on the field, and taking sixty-seven prisoners, with wagons, baggage, &c. At Crosswick's Creek, exasperated by seeing Captain Stephenson shot at his side, he attacked the enemy, twenty-five hundred strong, with six pieces of cannon, and, with only eighty men, drove them from the bridge, which they had fortified, and secured the safe passage of the British army. At the battle of Freehold he furnished as signal a proof of his resolution and bravery. After the regiment, which was only three hundred and fifty strong, had for two whole hours sustained, alone and unsupported, the attacks of five thousand of the enemy under General Lee, Stuart, with eighty men as a forlorn-hope, was directed to sustain the attack of the enemy's whole column, with a view to cover and secure the retreat of the rest of the detachment. Not only did he withstand the enemy in a narrow pass in which he had posted his men, but, after a long and severe conflict, repulsed them. Nay, more: in the evening of the very same day, being again detached in command of two companies of men, in order to cover the retreat of some troops who were in danger of being cut off by a very superior force, Stuart, after accomplishing this piece of service, contrived also to kill five and capture twenty-seven of the enemy by means of an ambuscade.

These exploits, were they not well authenticated by statements published both in this country and America prior to the year 1815, might savour somewhat of the style of Baron Munchausen. It is certain, however, that while Stuart actually put in claims to indemnification for 65,000 acres of land, and other losses valued at L.244,346, his services were at one time so far acknowledged, that a pension of L.300, afterwards withdrawn, was granted him. He seems to have irritated, by expressions of contempt, the commissioners appointed to

investigate the claims of the royalists, with whose proceedings he affected to make no secret of his disgust, and thus occasioned the withdrawal of his pension: nor was any adequate compensation ever substituted.

Balked in his expectations of reward, he had made up his mind to settle in Jamaica, in prosecution of his profession, and for that purpose embarked with his family on the 26th September 1785. Misfortune, the doom of his race, again, however, tracked his footsteps: within sixteen days after his arrival, a tremendous hurricane destroyed all his property; he was attacked by a dangerous illness, and obliged to return in the greatest distress. To crown this succession of calamities, he was, on his arrival in England, arrested on a false process at Plymouth, thrown into St Thomas's Ward, the prison for debtors for the county of Devon, and there subjected to a course of ill-treatment. Having set forth his case in a memorial to the king, presented at his majesty's first levee in December 1792, it was most graciously received. He was shortly afterwards officially requested by General Delancey to present another memorial to the Treasury. But after doing so, and waiting several months for a reply, he found that his memorial had never been laid before the Board. It was lost! Under the pressure of necessity, he at this juncture accepted the situation of assistant barrack-master at St Domingo, upon an assurance, from very high authority, that his claims on government, so far from being weakened, would be strengthened thereby. Mischance did not forsake him even in this humble capacity. In Admiral Christian's fleet he was wrecked not seldomer than three times in his voyage out in 1795 and 1796, when above five thousand men perished, and not one-sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St Lucia, at Martinique, and in St Domingo at a period when seven thousand six hundred British soldiers, and as many seamen, were carried off in five weeks by the yellow fever. Though not attached to the medical staff at the time, Dr Stuart applied himself to discover a means of alleviating or curing this dreadful disorder, and found out a remedy which perfectly accords with the views of modern medical science. The disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acrid and corrosive by the extreme heat. Dr Stuart's cure consequently consisted of five grains tartarised antimony and one tablespoonful of soft sugar, dissolved in fifteen tablespoonfuls of boiling water, of which one is to be taken every fifteen or twenty minutes until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acrid thick viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved: toast and water, with nitre, is to be used for constant drink, and one ounce of Glauber salts taken in it on the second or third day after. This treatment, along with bark in port wine during convalescence, completed the recovery.* Dr Stuart's reputation as a physician was not confined to this cure; for, about the year 1787, he discovered a substitute for Peruvian bark in the produce of this country, so that ague and scurvy might be counteracted by a remedy at one-fourth the cost of bark, occurring abundantly at home.

In 1803, Stuart was appointed barrack-master of Billericay, when, the barrack erections being ruinous, some insubordinate militia, instigated by their commanding officer, assaulted him as the cause of the wretchedness of the accommodations, and beat out six of his teeth; for which he prosecuted the commanding officer at an expense of L.100 to himself, although the officer was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine to the

* Medical men acquainted with the yellow fever of the tropics, and with the intertropical variations of climate, have observed in our own country, during the bypast season, a certain modification both of the disease and its cause. We had, up to July, the intense heat at high temperatures of the West India islands, succeeded thereafter by the rainy or wet season, generating the malarial that has subsequently prevailed, and giving rise to the great prevalence of bowel complaint, dysentery, and bilious fever of a remittent character, accompanied even by the yellow tinge of the skin, and as unequivocal symptoms of yellow fever as in those latitudes we could reasonably expect.

king. He was latterly barrack-master at Landguard Fort; an unhealthy situation, where he lost a daughter in April 1813, and a son in February following. Finding the health of his other children likewise in danger, he solicited a change of barracks. Not succeeding in this, he retired from the public service, and settled in London, in Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, where an accident occurred, 20th December 1814, which consummated the fate of one of the nearest descendants of the royal house of Stuart. The carriage of a Mrs Kelly, who was described as the daughter of Mr Dolland, in St Paul's Churchyard, came unexpectedly upon the unfortunate man by suddenly turning the corner of Southampton Street. He was unable to escape in time, and being knocked down by the pole, was trampled upon by the horses. This occurred in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence, to which he was conveyed alive; but, in spite of the most anxious care and attention, he expired on the 28th of December, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving behind him an amiable but destitute widow, two sons, and a daughter; and this just as he was beginning to be recognised by his friends, and might have succeeded in establishing himself as a physician in the metropolis.

We have not yet spoken of Dr Stuart's literary abilities. He had, however, some pretensions to the name of an author, having published in America two volumes of travels under the name of Smyth. Under the signatures of 'Simplex' and 'F. S. S.' he published six elegies, called 'Destiny and Fortitude,' some poems, and many papers, several of which appeared in the Monthly Magazine. He had also announced his own memoirs, of the interest necessarily attaching to which some faint notion may be formed from the perusal of this hasty sketch; and along with them a 'Genealogical Chart of the Descendants of the Royal House of Stuart, the most Ancient and Illustrious in the World during a period of Two Thousand Years.'

The strange vicissitudes of such a life as Stuart's, operating on a poetical temperament, engendered that morbid superstition which seems more or less to have haunted the minds of every member of the Stuart race. Amongst his other productions, there is a long poem on the fate of this family, characterised by an excess of such feeling. Amongst their disasters he recounts the bloody fate of Queen Mary; and even Darnley (also a Stuart) is included in the fatal category, as well as his father the Earl of Lennox. He then adverts to the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, to that of the queen of Bohemia, to the execution of Charles I., and to the death of Charles II. (which he supposes to have been effected by poison); to the execution of Monmouth, and to the speedy death, from grief, of the Lady Wentworth; with the fate of his own father, and the misfortunes of his own peculiar lot. He asserts at once the honour and misfortunes of the Stuarts in the following lines, which may be reckoned a curiosity of literature:—

Dominion, high command, and splendour gone;
Glory, and wealth, and crowns, and sceptres fled;
Our race reproached for adverse fate alone,
Although our lives with honour we have led.
That Stuarts sought for arbitrary rule—
Perish the thought! as false as ill-designed;
Excepting bigot James, religion's tool,
Whose sanguinary zeal debased his mind.
Too brave, too well-informed for such a part,
Strong were their talents as their judgments sound—
Pure amor patriæ possessed each heart;
Their native land their true affections found.
But sycophants in every age abound;
Time-serving reptiles, cringing mean, and base,
That scandal's brazen trump delight to sound,
For hire against their native royal race.
A race marked out to bear the storms of fate,
Through ages thus oppressed by her to groan,
Crushed by hard fortune's overpowering weight,
The mine with them to join my mournful moan.
'Midst sylvan wrecks, like one tree left, I stand
To storms exposed, by furious tempests torn,
And branches broken by each passing hand,
Distressed, oppressed, unheeded, and forlorn.

The critic might not say that a long poem, of which these are a few of the best stanzas, displayed much beyond the mechanism of verse. Yet, as the undoubted production of a man whose descent is linked, although by illegitimate ties, directly with the sovereign race of our native land—as emanating from one who conceived himself struggling under their doom, and even composed the verses in question under the inspiration of that superstition—they are fraught with an interest beyond their intrinsic merits.

RAILWAY ROMANCE.

ONE half of the romantic stories of this country are more or less connected with stage-coach travelling; but the railway, with its formal lines and prosaic punctuality, appears to be almost entirely given up to business. This, however, is unjust. The fact is, we are at present only in the transition state between the two modes of getting along, and we hardly know as yet what to make of the new one. The dikes and canals of Holland are as redolent of romance as the loveliest dells in England, where the Dryads might have been supposed to be peeping in wonder through the trees, as the stage swept along the shadowy road; and by and by, when our ideas get time to adapt themselves to the hurryskurry of the rail, adventures, we have no doubt, will be picked up at every station, and denouements found at every terminus. In the meantime, the following anecdote is given, not as a specimen of the railway romantic, but merely as something to tranquillise the minds of those who are in alarm for the very existence of romance. We freely present it as materials to any tale-writer who is disposed to make much ado about nothing:—

The three parties principally concerned—the heroine and the two heroes—had the same surname, which was a very common one; and the two gentlemen had likewise the same Christian name—call it John—and were therefore distinguished among their intimates by soubriquets. All this, which is of no consequence to the story, we shall merely imitate, for we would not willingly hurt anybody's feelings. The lady was Miss Deborah Jones; more familiarly, Deb Jones; and the two gentlemen—John Jones—were known as Black Jones and White Jones. Deborah was a little Welsh heiress, though residing with her uncle at Liverpool; and Black Jones was a handsome dark man of Gray's Inn, and White Jones a handsome fair man of the Temple, London. It will be felt that the two young men, in the common course of things, were in love with their cousin. How could it be otherwise? Their fortune was all to make, while hers was ready-made to their hand. It would be absurd to let it go out of the family. She was, besides, a pretty enough girl in her way, with a delightful little turned-up Welsh nose, a ripe red cheek, and a merry blue eye. Black Jones, indeed, who was of very moderate size, thought her too little, but he determined that she should wear high-heeled shoes, like himself; and White Jones, who was a remarkably dashing person, considered her somewhat vulgar; but all that, he was sure, would pass away before she was a honey-moon in his society.

Cousin Deb, in the meantime, was much puzzled between the Black and the White; for the cause of the one was espoused by her uncle, and that of the other by her aunt. These two personages she could not think of offending, as, besides her own moderate property, she had considerable expectations from them. But how the question was to terminate, or whether it would terminate at all, she could not imagine; for the two old people, as rich uncles and aunts usually are, were absolute personifications of obstinacy. The whole house, indeed, was kept in hot-water by the argument; and

even James Jones, a dependent relation, who acted as a sort of secretary to the uncle, although the subject did not come legitimately into his department at all, was so much worried by everybody concerned, that he more than once thought of giving up his situation. He was at the same moment the unwilling confidant of the uncle, the aunt, the niece, and the Black and White; bullied by the first, scolded by the second, laughed at by the third, and written to authoritatively by almost every post by the other two. James was a quiet-minded person, intensely sensible of his obligations to the whole family, as well as of the demerits of his own poverty; and perhaps he was not utterly angry with any of them, except Deb, who laughed most wickedly at the patience with which he listened to them all.

Matters went on in this way for we cannot tell how long. The uncle became more crabbed and determined, the aunt more loud and shrill, the two young men more zealous and impatient, Deb more anxious to be married to somebody, and James more sick of the whole business. At length the last-mentioned individual received two notes by the same post, which, as being characteristic of the writers, and likewise as promising to bring the affair to some conclusion or other, we copy:—

'James,' ran the one—'I will stand this no longer. I am not slow, but deliberate; I am not dull, but meditative. I have now taken my resolution, and I will marry Deb instant, or know why I don't. My landlady threatens to lock me out, and my bootmaker to lock me up. Besides, I have a waistcoat at this moment between the tailor's fingers which would win the hand of a duchess. It will be ready to-morrow night; and the next morning I am off to Liverpool by the first train after six. Announce the fact to the governor. Tell him I am stanch. Get all ready. BLACK JONES.'

The other was as follows:—'James—I have lost the rowing-match; everything goes against me; must marry Deb, else all is up. Can't stir to-morrow, for the club sits. Be down the day after by the first train after six. Be sure to put up the bristles of the old lady, for the governor will fight hard. Prepare them both—also the cook—likewise Deb. WHITE JONES.'

'This looked like business. James did as he was ordered, and the whole house was presently in a ferment. The uncle saw that the affair could be deferred no longer, and he prepared accordingly for the tag of war. On the coming of her intended being formally announced to the young lady, she inquired demurely whether he really thought Black Jones would be in time for the earliest train? 'He takes so long to dress!' said she with a sigh.

'If he is not in this house,' said the uncle sternly, 'within ten minutes after the arrival of the first train, I wash my hands of him, and you may marry whom you please.'

'And White Jones,' said Deb to her aunt in a bashful whisper; 'if he should meet two dogs fighting on his way to the terminus, do you think he would have the fortitude to pass on before seeing it out?'

'I am sure of it,' replied the old lady; 'but if he is not here as soon as Black Jones, dispose of your hand and my fortune as you think proper.'

The two, however, did their best to neutralise this liberal offer; for each of the young men received a note by the following morning's post, warning him of the critical position in which he stood.

The lovers—who occupied the same lodgings—were at breakfast when these missives were delivered.

'You begin to have some doubt,' said White Jones with fierce contempt. 'You shake a little as we come at last to the scratch; and Black Jones, indeed, looked anything but easy. His eyes avoided those of his friend, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and at length seizing a pen with one hand, and the bell with the other, he rang and wrote like lightning, and in half a minute had kicked the dirty little boy out with a letter.'

'That is to assure them you will be punctual for once

in your life!' remarked White Jones. 'I shall not take the trouble of writing at all, for they know me.' Presently a friend came in to invite him to a fishing excursion somewhere in Epping Forest; and glad to be able to fill up so advantageously the little that remained of his bachelorhood, he left the room whistling, without observing the knowing wink which passed between the visitor and Black Jones. When they were gone, the latter listened till the sound of their footsteps had died away, and then, beginning with a prudent chuckle, he rose by degrees to a frantic laugh. He danced wildly about the room, poussetted with an arm-chair, and catching up his hat, was about to kick it along the carpet. Changing his mind, however, he smoothed the nap with his arm, and tried it on at the glass.

'That will do!' said he admiringly; 'that's the ticket! And the magnificent new waistcoat besides! I wonder what Deb will say to the waistcoat? Upon my life, I almost wish the poor gull was to be there after all!' He had taken good care, however, to prevent this. Having accidentally learned that an experimental train was to start early in the morning—the forerunner of the one now preparing to make the journey between London and Liverpool in five hours instead of nine—he had secured a seat; and in order to preclude the possibility of White Jones hearing anything of the matter, he had just despatched him to fish titlclats in Epping Forest. The latter, on his part, as if warned by some presentiment of evil, took revenge in anticipation; for, in passing through Fleet Street, he called at the tailor's, and countermanded his cousin's waistcoat, by that time nearly finished, for two days.

The next morning White Jones was at the Euston terminus so long before the time, that the policeman, seeing a tall man wandering up and down with a disturbed air, pulling out his watch every minute, and then turning an expectant frightened look towards the gate, gave notice at the telegraph office that some business might be looked for. The suspicious-looking passenger, however, was not 'wanted,' and when at length he actually felt the train in motion, and knew that Black Jones was not with it, he was fain to put his head out of the window to drown his laugh of triumph in the noise of the wheels. In countermanding the waistcoat, he had merely thought to play his cousin a trick, or at least to deprive him of an advantage which could hardly be supposed capable of weighing seriously against a figure like his, even in the inconsequential eyes of Deb; but the fact of his disappointment having induced him to break so fateful an appointment, was a proof that the man was an absolute lunatic; and, independently of every personal consideration, he considered it a duty incumbent upon him to marry the heiress out of his way.

In due time Black Jones was himself at the terminus, with the positive certainty of reaching Liverpool by the special train at least three hours before his rival. He did not look, however, like a man in such fortunate circumstances. His face was flushed, his brow contracted, his walk rapid and unsteady. He carried a brown paper parcel under his arm, which ever and anon he partially opened to view its contents. More than once he undid it entirely, and disclosed the skeleton of a superb waistcoat, trimmed with gold and silk embroidery. The edges, the button-holes, the collar, all were unfinished; and the unhappy traveller, as he gazed, seemed to be half-smothered with grief and rage. But the perspiration at length dried upon his brow; the flush on his cheek subsided into a stern paleness; and his lip was even curled by something like a smile as he took his seat in the carriage. He looked like a man who had adopted some desperate resolution, and who, confident in his own resources and energy, set fortune at defiance.

The great experiment was successful. The special train reached Liverpool in five hours; and Black Jones, bounding out of the carriage before it had quite stopped,

narrowly missed being intercepted by the uncle and aunt. The consternation of these two on finding, as they supposed, that neither of their protégés had arrived by the first train, may be imagined. The experiment had been no secret in the comparatively small field of Liverpool. The train was eagerly expected by every human being, and the news of its arrival carried at once to the remotest districts of the town. The only comfort the old couple had was, that the delinquency was not confined to one of the young men; and they even hoped that they might receive some satisfactory explanation from the lovers in person by the next train. Leaving them, however, to pursue their way slowly homewards—some-what afraid, it must be confessed, to meet the saucy eye of little Deb—it is our duty to follow the strides of Black Jones.

This gentleman never stopped till he plunged head-long into the establishment of the Stultz of Liverpool, and saw himself in the midst of four-and-twenty tailors. It was in vain for them to stand upon their dignity, and refuse to complete the work of another artist; their customer was peremptory. It was in vain for them, at length, to promise to send it home to the gentleman in half an hour at the very latest. Black Jones knew tailors—and tailors knew him! He stood over them, with a stern brow but a quaking heart, till the work was finished; and then, armed cap-a-pie, presented himself at the uncle's house a considerable number of minutes before his rival could possibly be in Liverpool. He was not permitted at once to see the incensed 'governor,' for the choice had now passed out of that gentleman's hands. Several hours, instead of the stipulated ten minutes, had elapsed since the arrival of the first train, and the decision now rested with Deb. He was shown into an anteroom, where he could hear the angry voices of the uncle and aunt in the next apartment.

White Jones, in the meantime, arrived in safety after a comfortable journey of nine hours, and, confident of being able to walk over the field, took his way deliberately to the scene of action. On entering the anteroom, he started back aghast at the apparition of Black Jones! Nay, the very waistcoat was there, complete to the last stitch, and looking as elegant and *recherché* as could well be imagined. Black Jones was admirably well-dressed for a bridal. He was a decidedly handsome little man. The heart of White Jones sank within him.

But White Jones was a tall, martial figure of a man; the very disarrangement of his hair, and the negligence of his cloak, which hung upon one shoulder, looked formidable; and as Black Jones cast up his eyes along the person of his six-foot cousin, he felt little, in spite of the heels of his boots.

While the rivals were glaring at each other in silence, the door of the inner room opened, and James appearing, modestly invited them to enter. The uncle and aunt were seated in awful state, while Deb stood near them in all the glory of white muslin and blonde lace. She turned up her eyes, without turning up her head, as the cousins entered, and continued to busy herself in tearing an unfortunate rosebud, leaf by leaf, although she must have been aware that her own fresh cheek could not have suffered by its rivalry.

'Sir,' said the aunt, breaking in fiercely before her better-half, and addressing her protégé, 'why were you not in the special train?'

'I never heard of it. The fact is, all yesterday I was—'

'Fishing,' assisted Black Jones.

'And you, sir,' demanded the uncle; 'if you were in the special train, what have you been doing these three hours?'

'The fact is, I thought to do a little honour to Deb; and so I was—was—' Here White Jones pointed with his tongue to the waistcoat, and, crossing his legs, imitated the action of sewing. Even James smiled; but little Deb was as grave as a judge.

'Well, gentlemen,' resumed the uncle, 'I confess I

have had my wishes and predilections—but all that is over. Niece Deborah has now the disposal of her own hand, and of any little matters her aunt and I may have to leave behind us. One of you must be unfortunate; but even if he should turn out to be the one I desire most to succeed, I can no longer use any influence in his favour. Come, Deb, speak out!' Deb started.

'I will not pretend to say,' said she, glancing first admiringly at the embroidered waistcoat, and then at the tall figure, 'that I have not made my election. How was it possible to help it? All this fuss about a poor little hand like mine must be at an end one time or another you know; but while it is going on, the house is a perfect bedlam. My uncle and aunt have done nothing but scold one another; my two suitors have done nothing but dance up and down by the railway like madmen; and even poor James has been worried to death. He has been growing thin and pale; he had put all his things up in a carpet-bag, ready to be off, no one—not even himself—knew whither; and it was only last night I caught him sitting alone with his face buried in his hands—'

'Deb! how can you—'

'Hush! you know you were crying. Well, what could I do? At ten minutes after the arrival of the train I was to be my own mistress; but, in case of accidents, I was married ten minutes before, and am now—making a low curtsy—' Mrs James Jones!

'The traitor!' cried Black Jones, starting forward: 'I should have distrusted that still water!'

'The hypocrite!' thundered White Jones: 'I had ever a horror of modesty!'

'Gentlemen,' said Mr James Jones, with a kind of quiet dignity which sat very well upon his humility, 'matters are not so bad as you suppose. You desired to marry Deborah, not from the affection she is so capable of inspiring, but from mean and mercenary motives. Now, by our own confession, we were married before her uncle and aunt's promise took effect; so you can still make love to them for their money.'

What the old couple said in reply—whether the Black and White were mollified—whether the five Jones's dined that day at the same table—all such matters we shall leave to the doer-up of these materials. For ourselves, we are quite satisfied with having vindicated the Romance of Railways.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

CONCLUDED.

HAVING entered at sufficient length into the reveries of the fictitious Count de Gabalis—who is but the representative of the real Joseph Francis Borri, who died in the dungeons of Rome in 1670, where he had been imprisoned for many years as an heretic and necromancer—we shall now advert to the many fictions and fancies for which modern poetry has been indebted to the Rosicrucian philosophy. From the time of Dr A'Fluctibus and John Heydon, these notions had been forgotten in England (though Shakespeare and Milton had some acquaintance with them), until Pope, stumbling by chance upon the book of the Abbé de Villars, conceived these elementary people might be introduced with advantage into mock-heroic poetry. Every reader will anticipate that we refer to 'The Rape of the Lock.' 'In this poem,' says Dr Johnson, 'are exhibited in a very high degree the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aerial people never heard of before is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits; loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.' While Johnson, thus criticising

this charming poem, confesses that he never heard of the Sylphs before, Dennis, better-informed, and more ill-natured, objected to the Rape of the Lock that the poet invented nothing, and was not the author of the machinery he introduced. This he probably learned from the dedication of the poem to Mrs Arabella Fermor, as we may infer from the fact, that the poet's modesty underrated his own merit in the performance. He borrowed, it is true, from the Rosicrucians the names of his sprites, but he gave them natures and occupations wholly different from those they were supposed to have by the Count de Gabalis. Perhaps the real share of Pope in the invention of the Sylphs, as they are known to English readers, has never been sufficiently pointed out. Certainly they are a very different race from the Sylphs of the Rosicrucians. The latter passed their time in endeavouring, by their love of man, to gain a portion of man's immortality—in watching over his safety, in opening all the secrets of nature before his inquiring eyes, and in other acts of the highest import. The Sylphs of Pope had far other pursuits. His are

—'the light militia of the lower sky,
Which, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring,'

and have no occupation more dignified. Neither did Pope represent them as a separate race of beings, as he would have done had he invented nothing, as surly Dennis objected, but he represented them as the spirits of departed women. Thus Ariel, in Belinda's dream—

'As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence by a soft transition we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards;
Her joy in gilded chariots when alive,
And love of ombre after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire;
The sprites of fiery tergiversants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with Nymphs their elemental tea:
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.'

Having in this manner accounted for the existence of these elementary sprites, the poet goes on to describe their occupations:—

'The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.'

Again, in the speech of Ariel:—

'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind:
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry plain,
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;

To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers,
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl the waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a sounce, or add a furbelow.'

While those, in the poem, are the pursuits of the spirits, these are their punishments:—

'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptic with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivelled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!'

How different were the sprites of the Rosicrucians, who were not so easily punished by mankind; or rather who despised their power altogether, and would sometimes inflict dire vengeance upon such as proved false to them! The Count de Gabalis tells of a philosopher who loved a Sylphid, and then forsook her for a beautiful woman. One day he was dining with his new mistress, when the outraged Sylphid appeared in the air, and exposing her leg, to show how superior was the beauty which the unwise philosopher had neglected for a woman's, she disappeared, and the next moment struck him dead with a thunderbolt.

So far Pope. But before his age, greater poets than he had been under obligations to the Rosicrucians. Shakspeare and Milton—both well aware of the existence of such a sect, and the latter no doubt acquainted with the controversy they excited in the learned world—had introduced with great success into their works those graceful creations of a vagrant fancy. The beautiful play of 'The Tempest' was written five or six years after the outburst of the Rosicrucian controversy in Germany; and Shakspeare, though he very likely never read any of the arguments *pro* and *con*, seems to have had a vivid impression of the elemental sprites in his mind when he drew the sweet portraiture of Ariel, whom he has made in fact a Sylph, though the name of Sylph is never once mentioned by the great bard. She is not, however, exactly the Sylph of the Rosicrucians, but partly a Nymph, and partly a Fairy. Silvester Jourdan's account of the discovery of the Bermudas, which is supposed to have furnished Shakspeare with some hints for this play, describes only a sort of monster, whom Shakspeare rarefied into Caliban; but no Ariel. Stowe, who mentions in his annals the shipwreck of Sir George Somers upon this isle, speaks of it as being inhabited only with 'witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storms and tempests!' But, as we have before remarked, the Rosicrucians had begun to erect a brighter superstition than the old and hideous one of devils and witches; and Shakspeare, from slight hints heard perhaps in conversation, and not derived from books, caught the first idea of his 'delicate Ariel;' who, at the command of the philosopher Prospero—

—'could fly
Or swim, or dive into the fire, or ride
On the curled clouds;'

and who, bound by the potent spell of the magician—and not only by that, but by his love and kindness—did him in all things worthy service—

'Told him no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings;'

and who

—'trod the ooze of the salt deep,
And ran upon the sharp wind of the north,
And did his business in the veins o' the earth
When it was baked with frost;'

who played delicious music in Ferdinand's ear, and

'allayed the wind's fury and his passion with its sweet air'—who made music to the 'varlets,' and beat her aerial tabour with her dainty fingers—

'At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
That, calf-like, they her lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns
Which entered their frail skins; and at last left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond the cell;'

and who, when not employed in executing the behests of her sovereign master, sang to herself, describing her mode of life—

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily—
Merrily, merrily.'

Milton, in his delightful 'Masque of Comus,' has many obligations to the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits, which he has ingrafted upon the graceful mythology of Greece. Thus, in the scene of the Masque, the attendant spirit speaks, like the Sylphs of the Count de Gabalis, not like those of Pope, and performs similar functions:—

'Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live enshrouded,
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which man call Earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Caged and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that, by due steps, aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden boy
That opens the palace of Eternity.
To such my errand is; and but for sooth
I would not sell these pure ambrosial words
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.'

Again he describes his functions, exactly those of the guardian Sylphs, in which capacity he serves the ladye—

'When any, favoured of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convey,
As new I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain.'

Sabrina, in the same poem—

'In twisted braids of lilias knitting
The loose train of her amber-drooping hair'—

more resembles the Grecian Nereid than the Rosicrucian Undine; but the attendant spirit is in all respects a Sylph, and similar to nothing in the ancient mythology. Like the Sylph—

'He can fly, or he can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.'

The Rosicrucians taught, that by the practice of virtue alone man could hope to hold communion with the spirits of the elements: the attendant spirit in Comus teaches the same doctrine:—

'Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if Virtue feebly were,
Heaven itself would stop to her.'

The literature of England in the seventeenth century is rich in poetry, borrowed directly or indirectly from the Rosicrucians; and the masques of the times of James I. and Charles I. especially abound in it. In more recent times, literature is not slightly indebted to them. It will suffice to mention the charming story of 'Undine,' by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué—Zanoni, by Sir E. L. Bulwer—and, more recently, the popular

poem of the 'Salamandrine,' by Mr Charles Mackay—to show how rich are the materials afforded to poets and romance writers by the fancies of this curious and now forgotten sect.

THE PATHOLOGY OF CHIMNEYS.

ASTHMA, a difficulty of smoke-respiration, is a very common complaint among the chimneys of the metropolis. Sometimes the disease is constitutional—something wrong in the body of the chimney; sometimes it is endemic—that is, a certain district will be unfortunately notorious for smoky-chimneyiness; sometimes it is epidemic—a universal derangement under the influence of atmospheric causes, particularly north-easterly winds. A constitutional cause may be a morbid obstruction or contraction of the throat; and an endemic, a low-lying situation, such as that of Pimlico. But in sober earnest, the condition of the chimneys of London is a standing disgrace to our philosophical era. I cannot help regarding every new ingenious device with which their heads are adorned as a new stigma upon the condition of practical science in the present day. Is it because of some impenetrable mystery hanging over the movements of smoke, and over the complex machinery of fire-grates and register-stoves, that the intolerable annoyance of a smoky chimney is so common? That instead of goodly and symmetrical arrays of free-breathing chimneys, we have our eyes galled, and our notions of art outraged, by an iron and zinc mechanism, now of the stationary, and now of the revolutionary description? There must be something radically wrong surely in the construction of fire-grates and smoke-flues, when one or two inveterate smokers, as an average out of ten chimneys, is rather under than over the correct estimate. From her majesty's palace at Pimlico or St James's, down to the humblest dwelling of the poorest of her people, the chimneys give abundant evidence that they are the unhappy subjects of a hitherto incurable disorder.

A familiar experiment will illustrate the cause of what is called the draught of chimneys, which consists in the passage of a current of air downwards at the sides of the flue, while the heated current from the fire passes up, and escapes into the air; but not entirely, for a portion of smoke becomes entangled in the down-current, and escapes into the apartment where the fire is burning. If a lighted taper is put into a glass globe, to the open mouth of which a gas-chimney is attached, in the course of a little time the taper burns very dimly, and may become quite extinguished. Now, if an aperture is made at the bottom of the globe, or if a slip of card-board is placed longitudinally in the chimney of the apparatus, a current is immediately set up, and the taper burns as in open air. In just such a miserable condition as the taper in the first case, is a fire in many of our apartments. With a natural horror of keen draughts from doors and windows, we leather the sides of the one, and cover the sills of the other with list and sand-bags; and thus, with a thick wool-mat in addition at the threshold, we render the room almost air-tight. The fire having accordingly a great part of its necessary pabulum of air cut off, the down-current comes to supply its place, and to punish us for our short-sightedness. When this is ascertained to be the true cause of the smokiness, there are two remedies which propose themselves for our adoption: either to place a longitudinal partition a certain distance up the flue, which permits the down-current to descend on one side in a channel of its own, while the up-current and smoke ascend on the other; or to supply air to the fireplace from without the room. An eminent builder in the metropolis supplies every fireplace in his houses with a source of air, quite separate from the apartment, by means of air-pipes adapted to each fireplace. The consequence is, that the chimneys in these houses are very generally free from the attacks of the smoke malady, and the rooms possess the additional advantage of being

free from a pent-up air. This is a great step, as the phrase is, in the right direction.

Another frequent cause of the disease lies in the excessive narrowness of the chimney shafts. It is absurd to expect that a flue of ten or twelve inches square—the diameter of many in new houses—is an adequate allowance for the respiration of a fire used uninterruptedly for six or seven weeks without being swept. With a friend of my own, a monthly visitation of all his chimneys, though a circumstance upon which he grew a little restive at first, is now an event to which he resigns himself in passive despair. This is a form of the disease for which no cure can be proposed with the remotest hopes of success, short of taking down the chimney and building a wider one. My advice to any one in my friend's pitiable condition would be—take your pocket-measure, get at the exact dimensions of all your flues, put down with a dreadful accuracy the very sixteenths of the inch, and send the document, with a notice to quit at quarter-day, to your landlord. If he will save his bricks and mortar, don't let him do so at the expense of your peace and furniture. Perhaps better advice would be, to get at all these particulars before entering the house.

The peace of many a sober little domicile is upset, and its chimneys are seized with a violent derangement of function, in consequence of a great giant-like neighbour starting up by its side. The streets of London, especially in what were once suburban districts, are eminent for such perpetrations. We shall see a poor little Tom Thumb of a house, grown gray about the windows, and black upon the roof, blotched and painted with a grimy half-century's smoke, sticking up to a tall gawky edifice, glorying in the decorations of a coating of stucco and some layers of yellowish whitewash. The big neighbour's chimneys draw up rarely, but put out the pipes next door, pouring smuts into the bedrooms and smoke into the drawing-room after an awful fashion. It may almost be called an amusement to observe the shifts the little house is put to to set its chimneys somewhat more on a level with its neighbour's. Sundry mysterious-looking things surmount the poor, old, red chimney-pots, bidding them cheer up, and offering a melancholy but brave resistance to the roaring fires next door. Then other frightful gimcracks ornament the roof, and the view of the place at a distance strongly suggests the idea of a far-off fleet of steamboats, with their funnels looming against the horizon. Then the old tenant gets crusty, and gives notice to quit; immediately upon which more contrivances appear about the chimney-pots—in vain. And then, as a last resource, the contrivances are all taken down, and a huge chimney-stalk is built, running up the tall neighbour's side to its summit. By thus making itself something like a long-stalked tobacco-pipe, the little house at length recovers wind, and is at peace. Such is the true and unfortunate history of events of daily occurrence in the streets of the metropolis.

To the cure or relief of the disease originating from these or other causes, a host of contrivances propose themselves; each of which, as usual, is *the* panacea the world is looking for; the event proving that, in most cases, it is no cure at all. Ingenuity may be said to have almost exhausted itself in the ad attempt to remedy this complaint. Let me pass, in brief review, the various forms of smoke-curing apparatus with which a street-walk in London furnishes me. The simplest of all consists in the well-known revolving bonnets or cowls, with wind-arrows on their summits; which, by the way, were once called Bishops in Scotland; while a friend assures me, that in the west of England he has heard them styled Presbyterians. The philosophy of this contrivance is sufficiently simple: in whatever direction the wind blows, the mouth of the chimney is averted from it. This principle has its development in a thousand devices—some looking like Dutch ovens come up to see the world, some like half-sections of sugar-loaves, some like capital H's, and sundry other pleasing ob-

jects. The red chimney-pots, too, have contrivances of a similar intention in the diverging spouts, and cavities, and twists which some of them delight in. A different species is the perforated whirling variety, which seem perpetually whizzing round for the mere fun of the thing, since any good they do is extremely apt to escape detection. They are a lively-looking apparatus; but on squally nights, and when the pivot becomes a little rusty, the musical sounds they give forth can scarcely be considered agreeable. Among the more ingenious of smoke-curers, an invention of recent origin, named the *Archimedeal Screw Ventilator*, deserves a place. It consists, as its name implies, of wind-vanes attached to the extremity of a revolving screw. When the wind strikes these vanes, it produces a rapid revolution of the screw, which is thus supposed to *wind up* the smoke or vitiated air from below. Perhaps it serves the proposed end; but whether the positive advantage thus gained is not lost by the obstruction of such apparatus to the free passage of smoke in calm weather, is a point, in my estimation, more than questionable. For the relief of such chimneys as only smoke in windy weather, perhaps this and other forms of external apparatus are best adapted. Another invention, of equal merit, is a chimney-cap of metal, externally grooved in a series of spiral curves up the pipe, which end in a kind of mouthpiece, from whence the smoke issues. The wind, when impelled against this apparatus, is supposed to take somewhat of the direction of the spiral grooves, and thus to form an upward current to assist the emission of the smoke. This kind of smoke-curing contrivance is made both of metal and in cement, and forms, at any rate, an ornamental, if not a beneficial, addition to the chimney-top.

An apparatus known as *Day's Wind-guard* is one of the most recent inventions in this way. Its mode of working has been demonstrated at different public institutions, and the ironmongers are supplied with little models of the contrivance for exposition to their customers. It consists of an octagonal metallic chimney-cap, having four slits in it, which are protected by projecting pieces or slips of metal. It is found that when a current of air strikes against this contrivance, a draught up the pipe is the immediate result, and this whatever may be the direction of the current; so that the more vehemently the wind blows, the more free and unimpeded will be the respiration of the chimney. Several experiments were publicly made in proof of the efficacy of the instrument, with some curious results. Smoke was produced by the smouldering of some combustible substances, and the end of a small model 'wind-guard' was held near it, and then an artificial breeze, excited by means of a bellows, was directed against the other end of the model. The smoke was, as it were, *sucked* into the apparatus at the one end, and cast out at the other. Even when the model was placed upside down, and the bellows set to work, it drew the smoke, contrary to its specific gravity, in a downward direction. Several improvements have been made upon the 'wind-guard,' in one of which, by means of four little vanes on the top of the apparatus, the smoke apertures in it are some of them closed, and others opened, during violent wind. Other inventions, too, of a similar principle are now before the public, to be in due time, I suppose, elevated to the chimney-top. Mr Day proposes the introduction of his apparatus on a large scale, as an efficient ventilator for large assembly-rooms, theatres, churches, &c. The concert-rooms in Hanover Square are ventilated by this apparatus on a gigantic scale. The Buckingham Palace in Piccadilly has to add to the list of its other discomforts that of smoky chimneys; and all those afflicted with this complaint are surmounted either by the 'wind-guard,' or by the apparatus last-named, which, from their refined appearance, in contrast with other smoke-curing deformities, divide the royal patronage between them.

It is a singular fact, that when a current of air strikes a simple, uncomplicated chimney-pipe in certain directions,

it immediately causes a movement of air up the inside, so that an ordinary chimney-pot in a certain measure assists the draught. That the contrary is the case, is a common belief, from the circumstance that, during the prevalence of high winds, many chimneys are found to smoke; the causes of which really are, the eddies and local currents of air produced by the projections of the roof and neighbouring stacks of chimneys. To lay down the fact in precise terms:—If a current of air strikes a chimney-pipe at right angles to the direction of the pipe, an up-current is the consequence; and it is hence found that, when all other remedies fail, a metal pipe some four or five feet long frequently cures the chimney.

While pursuing the subject, in casting one's eye down the long streets of the smoky city, in taking a survey of the roofs and their tortured chimneys, the infinity of other contrivances is so great, that it is scarcely a poetical hyperbole to say our pen starts back from it. Here is patent upon patent, scheme after scheme, each doing its best, no doubt, to obtain the mastery over that simple thing—smoke; and each with a degree of success of a very hopeless amount. There appears to me something intensely ludicrous in these struggles against what seems to be an absurd, but an invincible foe; the very element of whose success against us lies in our not strangling him (I write poetically) in his birth. Many obstacles are in the way no doubt: there are obstacles in the way of every good; but I have little doubt that, had the perverted ingenuity which has nisspent itself upon the chimney-pots been directed to the fireplace, we might have now had a different tale to tell. The smoke-nuisance is laughed at as a minor evil by a great practical people like ourselves, who heroically make up our minds to put up with it; but when it is considered as an item in the comfort, cleanliness, and health of a whole nation, it assumes, or should assume, a different position. Should that day ever arrive when, under the influence of some great genius, our atmosphere is no longer smoke-polluted, with what feelings of mingled pity and contempt will our happy people look back upon this fumigenous era! In the meantime—taking advantage of a very favourite, and, in the present instance, an uncommonly judicious way of getting rid of a difficult business—I leave the case in the hands of posterity.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN INDIA.

Whoever looks at India previously to the civilisation introduced in many parts by Great Britain, must perceive a striking contrast between its former and present state. We desire not to enter into any political disquisition, nor to insinuate that either a good or bad policy has been adopted under one set of men or another. Our object is solely to trace the progress of civilisation, and to ascertain what British influence has effected in India. Education is certainly spreading through that part of Hindoostan under our control. A native press (a luxury of novel description in the East) diffuses through every rank of society a knowledge of what occurs in the others. Information, moral, political, and social, is thereby obtained by every caste of natives. Formerly, the upper Asiatic classes were in the habit of concealing their wealth, under an apprehension that the iron grasp of despotism would wrest it from them. Hence the mean and dirty appearance of their houses in Shikarpur and other Mohammedan cities. Dingy brick walls were run up in front of their dwellings, to impress on whoever might view them an idea of poverty in the tenants. The first interior court corresponded with the outside; but should any favoured and unsuspected individual be permitted to penetrate the dwelling, indications of comfort gradually appeared, till at length, on approaching the females' apartments, the utmost luxury and splendour burst on his gaze. Such, we say, was formerly the case. But now that the natives, though heavily taxed, enjoy an equality of law and security of person and property, the upper classes indulge their natural predilections, and openly surround themselves with a blaze of magnificence. They erect superb and spacious mansions,

enclose parks, make plantations, and lay out pleasure-grounds and gardens, fragrant with rare and many-coloured flowers. At this moment there are thousands such in Bengal.—*Macdonald's History of Civilisation.*

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small mustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman—*Jasabeu de Baviere*—whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader!' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers; or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands. He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *bermou* or cloak. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes his *haïck*—a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders. He throws over the haïck two *bermou*s of white wool, and upon the two white *bermou*s a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his *bermou*s.—*Five Months' Captivity Among the Arabs.*

THE BRITISH IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

With the exception of the first American war, and the earlier campaigns of that with revolutionary France, the British army has for ages held a distinguished place in the military annals of Europe; and amongst the qualities to which may fairly be attributed much of its success, is the dread silence of the troops when in presence of the enemy, and indeed on all occasions under arms. Our more lively neighbours have well described it as '*cette offreuse silence*.' A chance stranger thrown into the scene might almost imagine that they were rooted to the ground by the enchanter's spell, so stern and statue-like is their immovability. The heavy floating colours, so unfit, when displayed, to be carried by the hand, are in their cases. Mere show in anyway is unthought of, and every incumbrance is removed. Not a sound is then to be heard, save and except it may be the solitary note of a bugle, intelligible only to the light troops. The drum is hushed; and any other kind of music at such a time would be rejected as most unsuited to the deadly work they are about to be engaged in. The French leader speaks to and regulates his troops by the drum. Its bearer, with a rifle slung at his back, is at his right hand, and the charge is made to its ruff. Our musicians, and all the non-combatants of every description, are, or ought to be, in the rear, under the orders of the surgeon, for the removal, the conveyance, and the succour of the wounded. Even these last, however hideously mangled, are generally uncomplaining. They silently abide their fate, and yield up their breath, or submit to the operations of cure, with the same equanimity. . . . According to my observations, the most querulous under wounds and sickness have been the Scotch Highlanders. The Irish may be more noisy, but then it is with less plaint.—*Dr Ferguson's Professional Notes.*

BAPTISM AMONG THE GREEKS.

In the fourth century, when the custom of naming children after saints had gone out of fashion, the Greeks labelled a number of lamps with names, and selected the one which burned longest.

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